

By William Hervey Woods.

"We are the fallen, who by ramparts
gory,
Awaiting death, heard the far
shouts begin,
And with our last glance glimpsed
the victor's glory
For which we died, but dying might
not win.

"Give us our own; and though in
realms eternal
The potsherd and the pot, belike,
are one,
Make our old world to know that with
supernal
Powers we were matched, and by
the stars o'er thrown.

"Aye, grant our ears to hear the
foolish praising
Of men—old voices of our lost
home-land,
Or else, the gateways of this dim
world raising,
Give us our swords again, and hold
thy hand."
—From the Poem, "The House of
Broken Swords."—Scribner's Maga-
zine.

The Awakening.

By Adela Louise Kimball.

"Of a thoughtless, self-loving woman." His face was stern and their eyes met as the clashing of steel.

Harriet's mind flashed quickly toward the life which lay before her with its element, of frivolity, and she shrank back against him, her grasp tightening upon his hand. Some revealing light in her eyes forced a

Rat Clubs in Indiana.

The Warwick County farmers are organizing rat clubs in every county. They say every township is overrun by the pests. They purpose to make it unhealthy for rats in Warwick County from this time forward. They are polishing up their trusty shotguns and accumulating a large stock of well seasoned hickory sticks. Armed with these reliable weapons and well supplied with dogs, they are to meet in forces of from fifty to one hundred where rats are most numerous. Then they are to proceed to business. With a succession of such rat-killings they believe they will be able to rid the county of rats in a year's time.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Turpentine and Forests.

The trees are cut with a broad ax, hewing out great slices and leaving scars from which the resin flows into boxes at the bottom of the cut and is scraped once a month into casks. The cut is repeated each year, and in six or seven years the tree is exhausted. So go great forests of pine that stand eighty to one hundred feet high, leaving us thousands of acres of standing lumber which will be cut down by portable sawmills. The end of it all is a haggard waste.—E. P. Powell, in Outing.

"Famous stage tenors have been recruited from nearly all walks of life. Among those who attained great favor we find a farmer, blacksmith, cab driver, physician, shoemaker, merchant, man of leisure, etc. The list may be extended to include a monk.

While German meat is subjected to antemortem and post-mortem examination by Government inspectors, every piece of meat approved being stamped, the authorities exercise no control over the methods employed by the meat preparing establishments.

show Character.

Henry Ward Beecher said: "The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved sideboard."

What is one man's meat is another man's bankruptcy, avers the Washington Times.

WORTH QUOTING

It is so difficult to locate the man higher up. He is as elusive as if he were riding the tail of the comet, insists the Atlanta Constitution.

After looping five hundred buttons on his wife's dress, a man feels like a qualified delegate to a hookworm conference, puns the Atlanta Constitution.

A lawyer received \$775,000 for legal work preliminary to the formation of a merger, yet in all probability another lawyer, prophesies the Philadelphia Ledger, for a less fee, will try to demonstrate that it was not legal at all.

The great rise in real estate values in Chicago may be accounted for, suggests the Louisville Courier Journal, upon the theory that a rush is being made to invest in something that a pickpocket cannot deprive the owner of while he is glancing over his newspaper.

South Africa has a "brand new" national anthem, announces the New York Tribune. The country endeavored for some time to secure a composition suitable for that purpose, and out of 150 compositions the work of Berthold Kopolowitz was chosen, and the citizens of Johannesburg had the first opportunity of hearing it performed after it had been formally accepted. The composer is not a professional musician. He is a civil engineer.

Thinks the New Haven Register: It is hard to believe it, but if Canadian official statistics are to be relied upon the movement from the United States into the western provinces of Canada for the last eight months is the most heavily financial hegra in the world's history. A total of 71,988 settlers crossed the border in that period, every man, woman and child bringing into the Dominion, it is estimated, an average of \$1,000 cash and property. This is an increase of 68 per cent over the figures of the previous year.

The notion that women teachers and girl schoolmates weaken a boy's character and vigor and manliness is based on an entirely superficial and erroneous idea as to the outward indications of these qualities, submits the New York Press. The fact that a boy is polite, well bred, does not swear like a trooper—in short, is not a confounded nuisance to every grown-up in his immediate neighborhood—is no argument against his manliness. A man is never more manly than when his heart has been captured by a woman. There is just as much reason for believing that association with sweethearts and wives is disastrous to manliness as that feminine companionship and control during school days has such an effect. The real sissy is born, not made. He is a product of nature, not of education and environment.

The obsession of the extraordinary is responsible for some queer newspaper claims on our attention nowadays, remarks the New York Evening Post. Only the other day, a New York morning paper gave the first place on its first page to an account of the sentencing of eight Italian counterfeiters, under a "scare head" which read: "150 Years In All for the Lupo Gang." What possible significance such statistics can have we must leave to be described by the persons to whom they appeal—they are too deep for us to fathom. But inasmuch as they must mean something to somebody, why not, with the help of a little arithmetic, make them even more impressive? Why not, in the case of these eight Italians, convey the startling information that 16 eyes, 16 ears, 16 noses, 16 arms, 16 legs, and 80 toes have been sentenced to all 54,785 days, or 1,314,840 hours or 78,890,400 minutes?